

BEAUTY DIPS IN BUTTERMILK.

Velvety Skin, Pink Cheeks, Bright Eyes the Result.

News and Courier.

So long as the circulation is weak, the digestion poor or the liver sluggish it is not to be expected that one can have a really good complexion, but as there are many women, old and young, who have good digestion and circulation and whose livers are as well behaved as the majority whose general health is up to the average, and who still lack the outward and visible signs of all this inward well being, it is reasonable to suppose that the trouble is local, and that it is the skin that is in need of attention.

For them, as well as the rest of womankind, there is salvation in the beautifying buttermilk bath.

If your skin is thick and sallow and oily the astringent qualities in the milk will correct that and render it white and free from oil, and like a glove for smoothness. If your skin is thin and sensitive, the sort that a strong wind will dry and crack, the buttermilk will here act as an emollient, making it soft and velvety, and at the same time impervious to the bad effects of sudden changes of temperature.

If you sunburn and tan and are inclined to freckle, the buttermilk acts as a bleach, whitening and refining the skin as nothing else will. It stimulates the pores and is a corrective for most of the minor ailments and imperfections to which the skin is prone.

Is it expensive? That depends entirely upon the sort of bath you wish or can afford to take. Buttermilk costs 6 cents a quart, and if you take a tub bath of it nightly at least five gallons will be necessary, and that will count up to a pretty penny in a month, but a single quart will be almost, if not quite, as beneficial if used with discretion.

Of course, the ideal way is to lie in a tub full of the milk, after the other bath, but equally good results will be obtained by the following method:

"First thoroughly bathe the body, as usual, with warm water and soap. See that the bath water is always softened by some means—bran or borax will answer, though the former is to be preferred. If the skin is inclined to be sluggish, a brisk and thorough scrubbing with a brush is advisable, up as to promote circulation and free the pores.

"Before getting into the tub prepare the buttermilk by putting it into a large wash bowl, one that will hold the entire quart. When the bath is over drain the tub, but remain in it. Scoop the buttermilk up in the hands, and lave the body, using a circular motion to insure its absorption by the skin.

"Special attention must be given to the face, arms and shoulders, which should be bathed first. For the neck, shoulders and arms the circular motion.

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.

We will send you a sample free.

Remember that this picture is the form of a label from the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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409 Pearl St., N. Y.

50c. and \$1. all druggists.

The Jew Peddler Detective.

We moonshiners had a barrel of fun with a revenue officer once. Mr. Hawkeye—that was the man's name—decided to do some detective work by locating a "still" that had been run by moonshiners for some time, despite the attempts of the officers to find it. So he came up to my gate one morning in the guise of an itinerant department store—or, in other words, as a peddler—and made a great ado, lauding the merits of the goods he carried, trying to imitate the brogue of a Jew peddler; but he overdid the lingo stunt, and I soon divined his true character, summoned help and took him prisoner.

We tried Mr. Sherlock Holmes Hawkeye's hands behind him, blindfolded him and told him we would soon accommodate him by showing him our still, as it would otherwise cost him much trouble to find it. Then we put him on a mule and led him by a circuitous route to the still sure enough.

We explained to him our methods of making liquor, and told him to investigate the business closely, as it would doubtless be the last opportunity he would ever have of finding out all about a still. Then we empaneled a jury and tried him in regular style, on the charge of conspiracy against the life and liberty of his fellow-man. The jury found him guilty, and the judge sentenced him to be shot at sunrise next morning.

Then we put him to work splitting wood and firing the furnace of the still, while we made a "run" and the liquor we run off that day was as good as over the Hardin County hills produced.

That night we turned him over to Bob Looms and Bill Broad to guard. Now, Bob and Bill were rough-looking old six-footers, but both kind-hearted men. They worked on the prisoner's fears all right—made him chew the muzzle of a cocked revolver, and tied him to a tree, piling dry wood around him; but just as Bill struck a match, I came up and ordered them to desist, and unbind him. Of course, that was all in the game—they did not mean to harm a hair on his head.

At sun-up next morning we led him out to the place of execution and posed him in position. The men were drawn up in line, but just then a dispute arose whether we should shoot him in the head or the heart. While the men were engaged in arguing the point, I slipped up and unbound him and whispered to him, "Now bolt!"

And he "bolted." I have never seen such a race as we had; the men gave chase, firing their guns (in the air, of course) and yelling. After chasing him for 3 miles, they gave it up, and the prisoner got away. Mr. Sherlock Holmes Hawkeye was never seen in our neighborhood again.

Not a man among us would have harmed him, save in self-defense, but we wonderfully and fearfully succeeded in scaring him.—Moonshiner, in Sunny South, Tenn.

Safe Occupation.

Bridget, the pretty young maid-of-all-work, confided to her mistress when taking service that she had lately become engaged to be married. She stated, however, that she and Tim would have to wait two years, and in the meantime she wished to be earning money.

When Tim made his first call one evening the family remarked that they had never known so quiet a man. The sound of Bridget's voice rose now and then from the kitchen, but Tim's words were apparently few and far between.

"Tim is not much of a talker, is he, Bridget?" said the mistress of the house the next morning. "I should scarcely have known there was anyone with you last night."

"He'll talk more when we've been engaged a while longer, I'm thinking, ma'am," said little Bridget. "He's too bashful yet to do anything but eat, ma'am, when he's wid me!"—Tit-Bits.

Father's Forgotten Classics.

William had just returned from College to spend his spring vacation. One of the things most noticed by the young man was Fanny, the daughter of Si Perkins, a near neighbor, who had during his absence changed from a tomboyish school girl into a very beautiful young woman. It seems his father had also noticed the change, and remarked to his son:

"William, have you noticed how old Si Perkins' daughter, Fanny, has shot up? Seems to me she's gotten to be a jolly handsome young critter!"

"She certainly is father," said William, enthusiastically. "Fanny is as beautiful as Hebe!"

"Where's your eyes, boy?" objected the father. "She's a darn sight purtier than he be. Old Si is as homely as Bill Jones' bull pup."

—Harper's Weekly.

—Money talks—and the small change you get is back talk.

Good Profit in Alfalfa.

After 20 years' residence in Colorado and Wyoming, where alfalfa is considered as indispensable as the horse or cow to which it is fed, the writer was very much surprised on his return to the East to find that, while the virtues and values of this crop are very well known, very little ground had been planted to this grass.

My experience with alfalfa goes to prove it the most valuable hay crop to the farmer and dairyman and hog raiser that he can grow, comparing the cost of planting and harvesting with any other crop, and which once established he will never be without. Some of the reasons why farmers have not planted alfalfa were given. One was that it would not grow in the East, as it was a Western grass. Now, if the statement of the Government agricultural bureau that alfalfa will grow "anywhere from sea level to 7,000 feet in altitude" is not sufficient, the evidence of fine fields of alfalfa from which four and five crops a year are out, at all of the State experiment stations, besides various fields belonging to the more enterprising farmer, scattered all over the Middle East and Eastern States, ought to thoroughly convince the most backward farmer that it is time for him to avail himself of the earliest opportunity to get started a good field of this valuable crop.

Interference with rotation of crops was also given as a reason why it had not been planted, and to one who knows its value, both as a perennial crop and also as a soiling crop, it sounds absurd. The man who once gets to the front with a field of grass from which he can harvest from three to five tons of hay, having a value per ton exceeding any other grass or forage crop he can raise, will hesitate before plowing it under, but when he is ready to do so can follow it with a crop of corn or any other crop, harvesting with larger returns than he has known for years.

Others told me they had no good land to spare for alfalfa, as they had to sow wheat or oats, or perhaps corn. These crops in a good year might give them returns of possible \$12 to \$25 an acre, while alfalfa, with less than half the expense of planting and harvesting, will return them three to six tons of hay, worth, at the lowest estimate on the farm \$36 to \$72. Now just one word regarding the State experiment stations. You each help pay the cost of all this experiment work, and in the whole list there is no one crop that bears a better recommendation from all of them, and in addition to these reports there is not a farm journal published that does not contain dozens of testimonials from farmers and dairymen who have personally tested this crop and found out its full value.—W. G. Mount, in the Practical Farmer.

Indian Humor.

A good story is told on John R. Thomas, of Muskogee, a well-known lawyer of that city, who was formerly judge of a Western district. One night Thomas found himself in a shabby little town which had no hotel. Desiring to stay all night, he asked a lounge in front of a grocery store where he might find accommodations. The lounge went inside of the store, which was run by an Indian. When informed that there was a man outside who wanted a place to spend the night, the Indian asked:

"Who is the fellow?"
"Judge Thomas," was the reply.
"Well, if that's the fellow, he had better pay me what he owes me before asking me for any favors."
"How is that?" queried the lounge.
"Is he in debt to you?"
"Yes," replied the Indian. "When he was Judge at Muskogee I was brought before him for selling liquor. I was convicted and in sentencing me he said, 'I will give you 60 days in jail and \$100.' I got the 60 days all right, but he never came across with the \$100."—Kansas City Journal.

How He Found His Church.

An Episcopal rector traveling in the South met a native who claimed that he also was an Episcopalian.

"Who confirmed you?"
"Nobody. What's that?"
"But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?"
"O, yes," said the old man, "and I'll tell you how it is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin'. While I was there I went to church, and I heard 'em say they had left undone some things they'd oughter done, and done some things they hadn't oughter done, and I said to myself, 'That's jest my fix too.' I found out that was an Episcopal Church, and I've been an Episcopalian ever since."

—Christian Register.

—Steve Adams implicated in the assassination of Ex-Governor Beauregard of Idaho by means of a bomb some months ago has made a sweeping confession in which he uncovered the doings of a gang who have committed a score of other murders.

—Even the man who objects to stepping on ticks would like to walk all over the tax collector.

Educated in Foker.

Gen. J. Franklin Bell, who was at the head of the artillery and infantry school at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, was invited to a dinner given in the cause of education.

When time came for the speeches many of the educators were called upon and glorified education. Then Gen. Bell's time came. He said he did not know exactly why the toastmaster had pounced on him, for he was not a specialist in education of a kind limited in its application.

"However," he said, "I have been interested in what the speakers preceding me have said about education. Still I think that out our way, in the West, not so much store is set by it as here in the East. I am reminded of the story of the two boys in Omaha who, I regret to say, were playing poker in a doorway, using kernels of corn for chips.

"During the game one pushed in a bunch of kernels and said, 'I'll bet you a hundred.'

"'I'll raise it a hundred,' said the other.

"'I'll raise that a thousand.'

"'I'll see the thousand and raise it a million.'

"'I'll raise that million a billion.'

"'I'll see the billion and raise you a trillion.'

"The other boy was stumped. He thought a long time, but he couldn't remember what came next, so he said, bitterly, 'Take it, you educated son of a gun!'"—New York World.

Took it for a Valise.

The overland train had just arrived, and a crowd of guests, all anxious to register at the same time, blocked the space in front of the counter at the Palace Hotel. In the crowd was an elderly lady from Attleboro, who managed, by the exercise of much dexterity to squeeze in between two traveling men and get possession of the register in advance of what would have been her turn in the regular course of events. She inscribed her name, asked the clerk in a very businesslike manner to give her a room and bath before they were all given out, and then moved back a step.

"Pardon me, madam, but you are stepping on my foot," declared one of the travelling men who had been elbowed to one side by the impetuous visitor from Attleboro.

"Indeed!" she retorted, quite savagely. "Then I beg your pardon. I thought it was a valise."

A Matter of Equilibrium.

Dr. Torrey, the English evangelist who was recently conducting meetings in the West, is a man of ready wit, which he uses with effect when interrupted while speaking. On one occasion in London a bibulous fellow arose and announced, waveringly, that he did not believe everything in the Bible.

"I don't see how anybody can walk on water," he declared. "Can you do it, Dr. Torrey?"

The preacher looked grimly at the man for a moment, and then answered:

"Well, I can walk on water better than I can on rum."—Harper's Weekly.

—One of the machines exhibited at the dairy show recently held in London was a neat contrivance by which butter could be made out of fresh milk in sixty seconds, at the tea table.

—A Philadelphia man has aroused the wrath of all his neighbors by buying a coffin for his wife before she is dead. Looks like the wife could handle him without calling in all the neighbors.

—The Jews of all countries have shown a generous spirit in their efforts for the relief of sufferers by the recent outrages in Russia. About three millions of dollars have been contributed to the fund initiated and superintended by Lord Rothschild.

—The royal families of Sweden, Spain and Italy all own lots in New York. Kaiser William owns several parcels of New York land and has been for some years a heavy investor in Western property. The King of England inherited from his mother a piece of real estate on Nassau street, in New York, and also owns some thousands of acres of Western land.

—The largest incubator in the world, with capacity of 18,000 eggs, has just been completed at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. It is 102 feet long and four feet four inches wide. To fill this incubator a single time with common, not thoroughly dried, eggs, would require an expenditure of \$4,500. Allowing one hen to cover 15 eggs, the incubator does the work of 1,000 hens—has a capacity of one hen sitting constantly for nearly 10 years.

—A singular accident occurred lately near Franklin, Tenn. A poplar tree was cut down on the McGuffey farm and a tenant on the place put a stick of the wood on the fire in his house.

hold, when a tremendous explosion took place, painfully injuring a little negro. It was found to be a shell, which had been fired by the Federalists at the battle of Franklin forty years ago, and which had lodged in the tree without exploding.

Fight With an Orang-Outang.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 11.—Three able bodied seamen and the first mate of the schooner Hetty Urb, are laid up as the result of a fight with a pet orang-outang. The fight occurred while the schooner was on the way to this port, and was carried on for two days, and in that time that animal had decidedly the best of the game.

The orang-outang was given to Isaac Erb, captain of the schooner, while the boat was loading at Charleston, S. C. The animal was evidently adapted to life on a boat and seemed to enjoy climbing through the rigging. He was soon acknowledged to be the best sailor on board, and the crew named him "Teddy."

"Teddy's" dignity was offended by a sailor feeding him a piece of cake coated with red pepper; and the fight began immediately.

For two days the orang-outang ruled the comings and goings of the crew. They were kept on a constant move, and the man at the helm was often compelled to leave his post and seek shelter in the hold. On the third day, however, "Teddy" became entangled in some ropes. The sailors saw their opportunity and sprang upon him before he could extricate himself.

The following is the list of injured: James Harding, mate, laceration of scalp and severe contusions on body. Peter Williams, sailor, lacerations and bruises right arm and leg. John Kiley, sailor, lacerations of face and contusions on back. Henry Hales, general, contusions.

Sermons That Make Boys Sleepy.

"When I was a boy the whole family went to church," says Bob McCulloch to the Kansas City Journal. "We lived in the country, and every Sabbath morning the family coach was pulled out, a team hitched to it, and the family was piled in. The roads were awful, but that made no difference, we had to go.

"I well remember that mother put on her Sunday dress. It was a black silk and somewhere in it there was a pocket, and in the pocket a handkerchief, and in the handkerchief some gloves. When we got to the church I remember we went up in front where my father had a pew.

"When the preacher got to going I also remember that some of us children would begin to get sleepy. And then I know that mother would take out that handkerchief and give out a glove to each one of us youngsters to keep us awake. I was thinking about it just the other day. And I just wondered if a child or a man, in these modern times, would take a glove out of his handkerchief, or pocket, in church, and put it in his mouth, what in the world his neighbors would think of him."

—Death loves a shining mark. That's why most men do not fear it. —Members of a "spinster club" are never over twenty years of age.

—Don't wait, Mr. Rheumatic, and forget about it. Write your letter now describing your condition to

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